



Here we see Robert Immordino frolic with his niece and nephew, Beatrice and Terrence Bilancio, as he readies himself for active duty in the Pacific Theater.

Sights, Sounds, And Smells of Summer

It will be sensory overload as usual our beleaguered inputs inundated with stimuli, unable to choose on which to concentrate. The muted rustle of leaves swayed by a 'just right' cooling breeze, staccato crackle of the outdoor fire burning off to one side, the cacophonous din of many familiar voices, each pair engaged in excited reunion, clink of quoit to hub, fleshy thwack of hand to ball, tinny ring of fork to dish, crystal ring of bottle to glass.

Continued on page 3

Life Is Joyful

By Lorraine Anthony

As most of you know, I had a heart attack on December 5, 1994. Ten days later, I had open heart surgery at The Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia.

The evening before the surgery was one I shall always remember because of my mixed emotions. The view from my hospital window was magnificent... Philadelphia's skyline at its best, my family had said their "good-byes." The minister and I had prayed together and then I was alone with my thoughts and feelings: sad, frightened, lonely. Suddenly, I felt very calm and at peace. Life was joyful and good... no matter what. Then

Continued on page 3

Those Pesky Brass Tacks

By Dean Acquaviva

We all have details we must attend to in our lives; some of them are pleasant, like choosing the color of the new car we are purchasing, and some are infinitely less enchanting such as maintaining the pristine pallor of your bathroom tile grout.

When we get serious enough to look these latter tasks squarely in the eye with a 'it's either you or me attitude', then and only then are we about to, as the saying goes, 'get down to brass tacks.' The circuitous

continued page 4

Postal Greetings Close Trans-Atlantic Gap

By Robert Immordino

Editor's Note:

1995 marks the 50th Anniversary of the end of "the most destructive war ever fought"—World War II. In Europe the war ended on May 8, 1945; in the Pacific on August 15th, 1945. Between those historic dates letters were exchanged between a G.I. serving in Italy, wishing his younger sister a HAPPY BIRTHDAY and her response.

The G.I. was 30 year old Lewis A. Bilancio; his sister Jennie Bilancio Immordino of Trenton, NJ. These letters are being shared courtesy of The World War II Personal Collection of Bob Immordino. (See the article on Bob's WWII Collection on page 5).

Rome June 9, 1945

Dear Jenny,

This is my 5th and penultimate day on the Isle of Capri, in the gorgeous Bay of Naples.

How I wish I could transport u 2 me - this very

Continued on page 4

The Great Foiled Independence Mall Caper of 1970

(The Legend of The Decou Knight on a White Steed)

By Mickey Chianese

It was August, 1970 in the all too dull suburb of the Township of Hamilton. It was a summer filled with the sounds of Three Dog Night, Motown, Stepenwolf, and Jimi Hendrix music. And through this summer day came walking five young lads of thirteen. This crew, part of the battalion of Decou Village boys that had nick-

Continued on page 5

Carolyn MacCleod Comes Online With La Vigna

The following is e-mail correspondence which was transferred electronically between Carolyn MacCleod and LaVigna via the internet.

Hi Dean, great to hear from you again! I don't have any problems with your using my e-mail messages. I realized



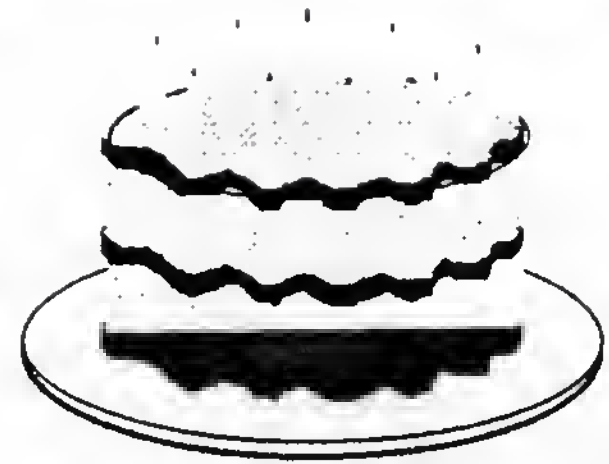
The MacCleods gather at Jaime's graduation from The Kent School

Hangin' On The Vines...

By Hugh Noe Hu

Jane Chianese's 70th birthday was recently celebrated with a surprise gathering arranged by her daughtersJane, Anthony Chianese, his sister Susie and others have for some time been meeting weekly for breakfast at a local eatery. This is a fine idea that others might want to think about doing as well..... After spending three months in Florida Lew Bilancio and Bernice drove back to Glassboro by way of Georgia and Virginia visiting relatives and friends.....Fran Bilancio is busily engaged with Italian heritage work with the Sons of Italy in Michigan.....Bob Immordino served as one of the guides for the annual Trenton Contemporary Club's four bus tours. This year the bus tours that included Chambersburg was oversubscribed by 30 people. It is expected that next year the Burg tour will be repeated.....Roberta Immordino's 8 year old son Robert Garcia is becoming quite a baseball player out on the West Coast. Robert's favorite position is "Pitching" His pop Daniel is the ball team's coach.....Clora Acquaviva recently attended a Washington, D.C. Women's Conference. Ask Clora to tell you about her "behind the scenes" role.....Jennie Bilancio Immorino recently paid her first visit to Florida, spending the month of February as a "Snow Bird" You bet she enjoyed the experience, including a visit to Disney World, arranged by Lew her brother.....Clora's son Henry has been spending much time in Florida. The weather is only ONE of the attractions for Henry..... Carrie MacLeod is currently a student at the University of Maine. Her sister Jaime graduated on June 4th from Kent School (a Private School) where her father Jim is the Dean of Students. Jaime will be joining her sister Carrie at the University of Maine in the Fall.....Their mother Carolyn Immordino MacLeod, a computer teacher, has been communicating with William Bilancio and Dean Acquaviva via the "America on Line" information superhighwayTerry Bilancio, heads a Toastmaster's Club in Bath, N.Y.....Phyllis Gervasio a highly qualified anesthetist is currently practicing her professional skills in Tennessee.....Phyllis' mother Lucy is attending an Elder Hostel program in Los Angeles. This wise mother knows how to arrange a trip also providing easy access to her California based children Angela and Ralph...See Hugh next issue.

*Happy
Birthday*



*LaVigna
Readers*

July

July 6....Jillian Chianese
July 12...Gina Cramer
July 13...Tony Chianese
July 16...Ray Klepczynski
July 17...Jamie Macleod
July 19...William Bilancio
July 22...John Johnson
July 24...Diane Chianese
July 25...Lorraine Anthony
July 28...Kristeena Anthony
July 29...Francis DeVito-Cohen
Mary Lynn Nazzaro
July 31...Dan Nazzaro

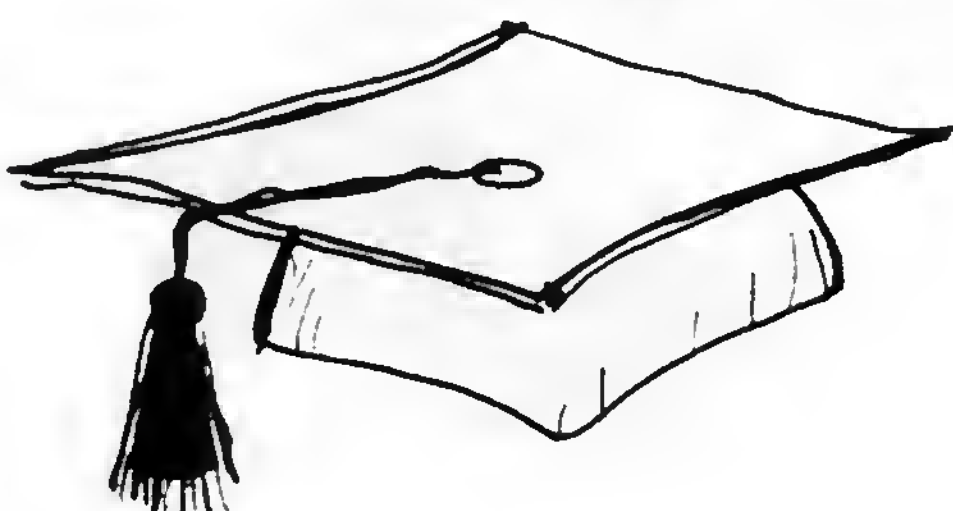
August

August 4....Jason Armenti
August 5....Bob Candelori
August 8....Phyllis Armenti
August 9....Joe "Bear" Guerra
August 10...Cheri Candelori
August 11...Clothilda Acquaviva
Joe Guerra
August 12...Joe Armenti
Scott Chianese
August 14...Justin Thomas
Reed Thomas
August 19...Jane Spillers
August 21...Henry Montague
August 22...Lucy Gervasio
August 23...Damon Klepczynski

August 26...Sylvia Bilan
August 27...Rose Chianese
August 29...Bob Immordino
August 31...Gerald Chianese
Robert Garcia
Felicia Garzio
Phillip Nazzaro

CONGRATULATIONS

1995



September

September 1....Terry Bilancio
Robert Candelori
September 3....Nick Armenti
September 5....John Anthony
September 9....Anthony Sciscio
September 14...Robert Chianese
September 15...Gloria Lewis Bilancio
September 22...Cristina Candelori
September 24...Lee Esposito
Grace Mazzatelli
September 26...Dennis Chianese

Carolyn MacCleod Online (cont from pg. 1)

I haven't sent you an article that I promised! --Perhaps some family news may be of interest.

Carrie had three poems selected for publication in the University of Maine's literary magazine, *The Maine Review*. She also has received another literary award from U of Maine's English department for several other poems. We're very proud of her! She seems to be following in the footsteps of other *LaVigna* family members who also have a love of the written word.

Jaime will be graduating from Kent School on June 3 and she will be joining her sister in the fall at the University of Maine in Orono, Maine. Jaime was the goalie on Kent's girls' varsity soccer team and co-captain of the girls' varsity hockey team. She continues to play the piano and will be working in Boothbay Harbor, Maine at Robinson's Wharf again this summer. If you're in the area this summer, stop by for some steamed lobster or a crabmeat roll!

I hope that Jim and I can get to the picnic this year. The girls will be in Maine for the summer and probably won't be able to get away...We are looking forward to joining you at 90 Eggerts Crossing Road. We haven't been to a picnic in a few years and know how important it is to keep in touch!

My students have a few comments to make about the newsletter and family get-togethers in general. I'll be sending those comments along by the end of the week, hopefully! Talk to you soon, Carolyn.

Sights, Sounds, Smells (Cont. from pg. 1)

The pungent whiff of smoke as it drifts from fireplace to mingle with memories, smorgasboard of gastronomical delights each more sumptuous than its predecessor, freshly mowed grass perfuming the air, aroma of living in all its stages from a fesh newborn to those in the golden days of life.

The view of familiar faces too long unseen, friendly landscape which seems smaller with each passing year, tables laden with love in the form of nourishment, bodies moving synchronically to an unseen choreographer of excitement and celebration.

If you haven't had the sensations gel into a picture yet, I'm trying to describe the *La Vigna* Family Picnic, coming soon to a 90 Eggerts Rd. near you! Hope to see each and every one of you here at the picnic this year.



Home Front Efforts Remembered

by Bob Immordino

1995 marks the 50th Anniversary of the end of World War II. Many family members and readers of *La Vigna* were active participants in that war. Some in one or another world wide battle scene, while other *La Vigna* readers did their part on the home front, in war plants, on "victory gardens", or as civilians on military installations.

In the nearly 11 years of its life *La Vigna* has published several WW II related articles by *La Vigna* readers. None, however, on the civilian war front experiences.

We especially solicit articles on the civilian home front experience and continue to seek new war front accounts by veterans of World War II.

Many *La Vigna* readers were not born 50 years ago, while others were very young children. However, we all express our respect and heartfelt appreciation for the multiple sacrifices and contributions of our progenitors, relatives and friends.

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻

Life Is Joyful (Cont. from pg. 1)

I chuckled- an Italian folk-story Erminia used to tell me when I was a child came to mind.

A husband and wife loved each other very much. They always said how hard it would be when the other died. The wife said, "Oh I never want you to go...I want to go with you." The husband agreed, "I don't want to be here alone, when you go, I want to go."

Years passed and the inevitable happened. The wife became ill. With her husband at her side, they heard a knock at the door. It was the knock of Death. They heard it again.

"Will you answer it?" asked the wife. Her loving husband became pensive and did not reply. The knock was heard again. In a whisper she heard her husband say, "I think you better."

The knock of Death only tapped at my door and left. I am most grateful to God for extending my life for indeed *Life Is Joyful*.

To all of you, my friends and loved ones... Thank you for your cards, phone calls, fruitbaskets, flowers, prayers, thoughts and support. I could not have recovered so quickly without you.

Never can you imagine how much you all meant to me.

Thank You Again!
Lorraine Anthony

Jane Spillers with her son Jonathan and newborn Rachel Michelle Spillers born February 9, 1995. Seen here at her home in Marietta, Georgia, where she and her husband James live and are raising quite a family. Photo credit: L. Bilancio/B. Smailer

Brass Tacks (cont. from. pg.1)

nature of my preamble should serve well as forewarning to the astute scholar of human nature allowing those faint of heart to disassociate themselves from what is obviously about to follow. Yes ladies and gentlemen it's that time of the program once again, where I come down from the pulpit to circulate amongst those gathered here for you-know-what.

You may remember my last discourse, "The Price of Onions", (*LaVigna* Vol.XII Iss.1) where I spoke of the virtue of donation from the heart, across a wide base of support, at a modest cost to all, this unfortunately has not come to pass. We have received some support from a few wonderful individuals, but not the overwhelming groundswell of sponsorship I had envisioned when I humbly set finger to keyboard.

I have at my disposal a variety of options to implement, and with the help of my readers I hope to discern which is the appropriate course of action to take.

- . My first option is to preach you all into a zombie-like state in which you avoid *LaVigna* as if it were some form of pestilence, by writing more frequent and more copious articles such as this.
- . Next I will start to limit the size of the mailing list by some alchemistic formula involving your past financial support of *LaVigna*.
- . If these measures fail to bring us into financial stability we will limit the size of each issue to the number of pages we can afford to reproduce and distribute.
- . As things get more dire we will be forced to implement a subscription rate and send *LaVigna* to subscribers only.
- . My only recourse if all of these sanctions fail to allow *LaVigna* to continue as a self sufficient entity will be to concede that the interest for the product is not great enough to sustain it in the great tradition of capitalism as we know it.

I hope and pray this wonderful communicative tool will not come to such an undignified demise, but if that is the general consensus of our readers we will cease our salmon imitations and let the river carry us downstream.

PLEASE DON'T LET IT COME TO THAT, in the tradition of the original immigrants let's all pull together and put in what we can so that we as a community can continue to exist.

I must add a heartfelt, "I'm sorry", to those of you who have contributed and read this article, becoming incensed and rightly so, again I'm sorry I felt it was necessary to let readers know how serious the situation is.

Postal Connection (cont. from. pg. 1)

minute, 12:15 to enjoy with me the immense vista spread outside my huge double door-window that opens out on a terrace-Dear Jenny it is impossible 2 describe the deep blue sky, the deep blue Mediterranean, the gorgeous Neapolitan melodies that float up from the dining room below.

It is your birthday today Jenny - and in this letter I may say that the flowers, the perfumes, the spirituality of the depths of all sight - of the most melodic of all sound blend in my heart, and make me say to my sister Jenny

Happy Birthday
with Love

your brother Lew.

Trenton June 20, 1945

Dear Lew,

Just a few days ago I received your letter containing the newsletter, the enlarged photo and the very lovely letter in which you wished me a happy birthday. Thank you, Lew, the greeting was one of the loveliest I've ever received and I know you were sincere. Thank you for remembering me on that day. Perhaps I should confess I tried to find opportunities to show it off and I did.

On Monday, we saw Leo off; we gave him a heartening send-off but since we've come back, we are certainly not acting very courageous. The place here now seems worse than ever - there is about me a feeling of utter loneliness. I know mainly, that my feeling is selfish——, I feel lost without him. He had been (even as young as he is) a big comfort to me.

However, when I dismiss this feeling and think with my mind, I know Leo will be all right. I know that that type of life will be good for him. Even the fact that he will become used to being away from home will be good for him; for he will one day go to college and would be away from home. Then, he will definitely be in the States for at least six months so I shall not begin to worry over him until that time comes.

Perhaps at this point I should thank you for having been in the position you are in, allowing me in the past to concentrate my 'worry' for Bob only.

At the present time, Bob is probably in Hawaii. I do hope that he will be out there longer than he had been the last time. He has certainly earned this rest. (from the sound of his letters.)

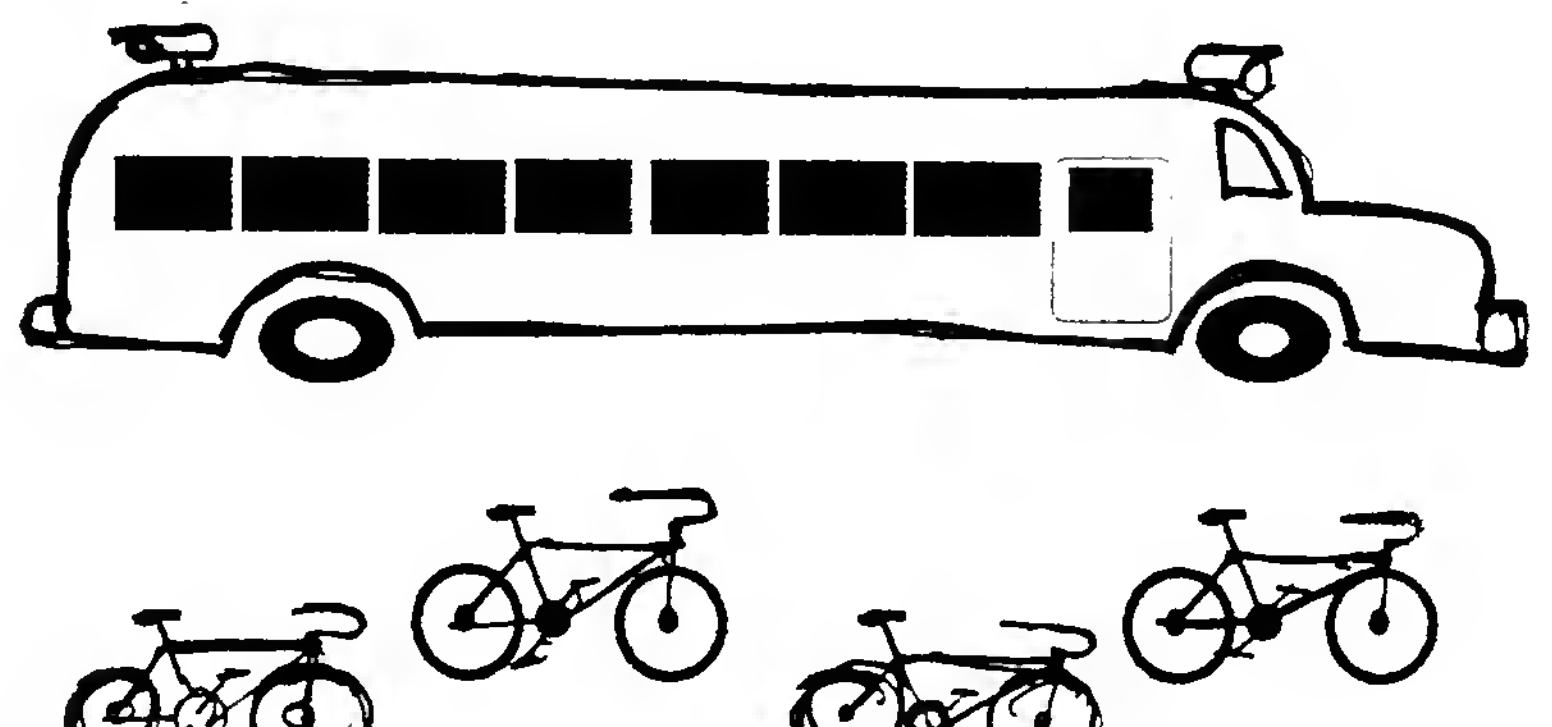
As for the gelati, I recall as a young girl, our uncles and parents raving about the "Italian ice-cream" how much better it was etc. I used to think to myself it's probably because they were children and to them it tasted better also probably because they had it rarely making it more desirable. Now, however, that you tell me it is better. I do believe it.

The incidents concerning your photo were interesting. So Rome has amusement parks too? I wrote to Bob, telling him that I wish my husband and brothers weren't as 'swell' as they are, for then I would be able to bear their absence better.

Take care of your self.

Affectionately,
Jennie

School's Out Have A Great Summer!



Mall Caper(cont. from pg.1)

named themselves The Avengers, were out on the mid-afternoon stroll to and from the Independence Mall. You see, it was way past the June and July part of the summer already. we had set the goal of building a bridge across the Crosswicks Creek, recruited the auxiliary members to do it, and nearly completed the task already. Now we were in the doldrums, making the grub run to the mall for hot pretzels and pizza so we could last until dinner time.

These were innocent times, we hadn't quite learned how to get ourselves into real trouble yet. There'd be time for that. For the most part we were the docile types. Captivated by music, sports and walks in the woods, we would just as soon avoid some of the typical neighborhood rivalries that occupied the better part of some kids' summers. Like my brother Chris' gang The Litch Litch Li. They were ever preparing for, or engaged in miniature wars that utilized the advanced weaponry of water balloons, swords, and oversized light bulbs (for artillery).

On the way home from the mall, while walking through the parking lot, we were approached by a kid about two years older than us on a bicycle. He was definitely from a foreign neighborhood. None of us had ever seen him before. It was strange that he asked for some of the popcorn we were sharing and tossing at each other.

Then he asked us something **REALLY** strange: He asked us for a dime.

Now, none of us looked particularly well off, in fact the current style was a ragged look that we were all pretty good at mimicking. So why?

The answer was hidden all around us behind trees and around corners. Within seconds a swarm of bikes closed in around us...more than fifteen. We were surrounded and captured by the pirates, who made their demands: "Empty your pockets of all your money."

Mind you, none of us were holding vast amounts of cash, least of all me. My allowance had just been increased from thirty-five cents to fifty cents per week. I supplemented that with another two bucks by helping out my buddy Dickey with his paper route. That kind of money went fast at thirty cents a pizza slice, but what was left was all we had and we didn't want to part with it. We told them we didn't have any money.

We looked for someone to yell to for help—no one in sight across the vast wasteland of asphalt. I thought about my family and whether I would ever see them again. My brothers had always protected me; I in turn always protected my little sister Lilia—that was part of the unspoken code that bonded us. Ang and Chris would never let this happen if they were around, but who could hope for that? Angelo was miles, states, maybe countries away studying at college. Chris, fresh with a license to drive and already on his third car, had the run of the state. He was known(not by mom & dad) to travel as far as White City, Yardville, the shore and even Philadelphia! These places seemed like worlds away to those of us who had just been given permission to cross the wide street, Independence Avenue (how apropos.) I could never expect him to be anywhere near the mall. Forward stepped the biggest of the kids...the enforcer. He walked

up to Michael, one of the tallest of the five of us and started to frisk him. Several others dismounted their bikes in case there was any trouble. Our eyes continued to scan the horizon for any sign of hope. At the southeast corner entrance to the mall I saw a flash of white tailfins. If it could only be-no!-it **REALLY** is.

The characteristic low guttural sound of the White 1959 Chevy Impala came across that parking lot like sweet music. It was Chris-Protector of the Persecuted, Rightor of Wrongs, King of the Litch Litch Li, and now, Rescuer of the Avengers.

The car was just cruisin' along at about 25 mph as it rounded the corner. Taking a big risk, I broke through the circle of roughians in a mad dash towards the car, which was still about 150-200 yards away (far enough that we might go unnoticed.) I started waving my arms in the air and yelling "Chris, Chris, these kids are robbing us!!", I'm sure he couldn't hear me with the eight track blasting, but it soon became apparent that he could see that his little brother was in trouble. The White Steed reared back as he floored it. The Chevy red six cylinder turbothrif 230 cubic inch roared and the transmission downshifted twice into Action Gear. The car listed left as Chris muscled it into a hard right bank turn, and raced toward the group of teenagers in the distance.

I ran back to my buddies as the robbers turned to see what that sound was. Chris had covered the distance in mere seconds and was now hard put to stop the car before overshooting the target. The bandits scrambled to open up one side of the circle when they saw the broad side of the 45 mph Chevy sliding full force in a fishtail toward them, tire rubber a-smokin' (Chris was always good at entrances.) It finally screeched to a halt and Chris, in John Wayne style unlatched and kicked the open the door. Putting one foot down and standing up-his full 18 year old frame now in view, he said, "These kids botherin you Mickey?" My buddies all looked at each other, our looks of fear now started to turn up at the corners of our mouths. I said, "Yea. They're stealin our money."

We thought the danger was over, but then we saw all the bandits begin to pull out weapons. Choker chains slid off their necks, clubs were pulled off their bikes, and there was the sound of several switchblades ejecting.

We lost our developing smiles and glanced at Chris for direction. There was FIRE in his eyes. "Get in the car.", he said, and my buddies leapt into the back seat. I jumped into the front seat (my 'rightful position', due to bloodline.)

Chris locked the doors and "trompted it" (this is the Trenton slang equivalent to the truckers' saying, "Pedal to the metal", or Starfleet's, "Engage warp drive", terminology.) He pointed the car at the right flank of the attack squadron. They scattered like flies. He cut left to Kamikaze the opposite wing. They bolted away. I looked at Chris' face- he wasn't trying to scare them...He was trying to hit them, and they knew it.

The strafing continued until the bikers were gone from sight, then we turned to regroup. Chris drove to one of my buddies houses and ordered them into the bunker for cover. He told me and Joey Hankins to stay in the car. We were goin hunting.

In Memorium Of Nicholas Conguindi



Nicholas Conguindi 68, died June 9, 1995.

Born in Trenton, he has been a Pennsicola Florida resident for most of his adult life.

Nicholas was retired from the Monsanto Chemical Corporation as a Chemical Engineer. Son of Jennie Bilancio and Nicholas Conguindi, husband of the late Angela Conguindi, he is survived by three sons, Mark, Peter, Anthony; one daughter Gina, and five grandchildren.

Funeral mass and burial were on Tuesday June 13th, in Pennsicola Florida.

The La Vigna Family sends all of our deepest sympathy and includes Nicholas and his family in all of our prayers in this time of sorrow.

Mall Caper (cont. from pg. 5)

Next thing we knew, we were off to Bordentown. We stopped in front of the Bordentown Tourist Home. A minute later my brother emerged with one of his secret weapons: Ralph Uemens. I always thought of him as Ralph HUMANS because he had the strength of at least two human beings. Ralph was only five feet tall, but he was about four feet wide at the shoulders and one foot wide at the hips. The arms of his shirt were always about to rip open—like the Incredible Hulk comic book character. You could tell that he was very angry, and that this was definitely his element.

It was only weeks earlier that Ralph had sold Chris the Chevy. Nobody knew the physical capabilities of the car like he did. So when he asked Chris if he could drive, Chris gladly turned over the wheel. Chris became the navigator, and we hopped into the back seat. Off we went to search for the perpetrators.

We visited two neighborhoods that we thought might be the home base the gang. We were driving around for almost an hour, but to no avail. They must have holed-up in their own bunkers, sweating it out. We never found them and I was sort of glad. I don't know what would have happened to those guys, but I think it would have been bloody and I know it would have been illegal. But it would have been 'street legal.'

Still I'm sure that justice was done. The next time that gang sat down to plan an ambush, if they had the courage to attempt another, it wouldn't be in the realm of The Decou Knight on the White Steed.

Don't Touch That Dial...

Stay Tuned for the La Vigna Picnic

**Bring your
"Speciality de la Maison"**

World War II Memorabilia Preserved

By Robert Immordino

From the day of his induction into the U.S. Navy in October 1943 Bob Immordino decided to compile a Personal Scrap Book of his war time experiences. As a result he saved everything he got his hands on; letters, photos, documents, draft notices, post cards, maps, souvenir money, enemy memorabilia, news stories, etc., etc. Additionally shortly after being discharged from the Navy he was able to locate and save most of the war letters he had written to his wife Jennie (as well as others that otherwise may have been destroyed or lost).

One of Bob's prize World War II mementos was a map detailing a Japanese Suicide Boat Attack Plan the enemy had hoped to use against Americans at the battle of Okinawa (March 26-June, 1945). Thirty years ago he donated it to the U.S. Navy Historian. A year ago Bob learned that his map was now part of the U.S. Navy's World War II Permanent Exhibit, Okinawa Section, on display in the Navy Museum at the Navy Yard, Washington, D.C.

Bob, Jennie and their two daughters Caroline and Roberta travelled to the Washington Navy Yard where they met the museum director who escorted them through the World War II exhibits including the one featuring Bob's map donation. They also took pictures as one might expect.

Portions of Bob's World War II Collection are currently on display at the Lawrence Branch of the Mercer County Library during the month of June. Anyone interested in a private examination of Bob's WW II Personal Scrap Book is invited to contact him at 882-7138.

Who Is This Man, And Why Is He Shooting At Me?

This obviously vintage photograph is of a family member we have all come to know and love. It illustrates him in one of his more aggressive postures, a side of him we rarely get to see. However this was a very real and serious time in this young mans life.

So strange and convoluted were the circumstances surrounding this photograph that the young man in question is sure no one will be able to divine the true situation.

This person has posted a Three Dollar Reward for any one who can correctly determine what the circumstances of this rather unusual portrait really are.

The beneficiary of this rather modest contest offers these suggestions as starters for those of you who haven't got a clue.



The Mystery Photo

1. He is single handedly holding an allied defense point against thousands of opposing troops.
2. He is getting even with his roommate for many nights of loud snoring.
3. He is posing like this ONLY to show off his chevrons.
4. He is taking a dare from a wise-guy photographer who was sure the gun wasn't loaded.
5. He is defending himself from the roommate who just found out about his girl being stolen.
6. He thinks he is taking flute lessons and is trying to figure out where you place your lips.
7. He is returning 'friendly fire' from his own unit.
8. He is instigating 'friendly fire' on his commander.
9. He is impressing local women with his marksmanship.
10. He is lost and is trying to triangulate his coordinates by sighting down this funny looking compass thing he found.

LaVigna Says Thank You

As usual when our readers respond to our rabid cries for financial assistance we are overjoyed to the point of tears, and we feel that we must take the time and space to give them their fair share of the limelight, for no matter how diligently we work on producing LaVigna for our readers, nothing can truly come of it until they dig down deep and give of themselves in ways which help us with the hard cold reality of purchasing supplies and postage to make this miracle happen.

So from all of us here at La Vigna to all of you who have contributed our heartfelt thanks. These People have contributed in the very recent past:

John Anthony

Arthur V. Bilancio

Dean Acquaviva

Joseph Armenti

Michael Chianese

Alice M. Bilancio

Clora Acquaviva

LA Cucina

By Nobody

This is not a recipe, I repeat this is not a recipe. This rather is a reprisal, for I know you all are excellent cooks, I taste your food not only on the day of the picnic, but I live on the left-overs for at least two weeks (why do you think we host the picnic?)

Seriously folks this is the easiest way to contribute to this newspaper. You all must have that one 'special dish' that everyone is always trying to get the recipe to-well this is the place to share it! You don't need to be a great writer or have amusing stories to share. Just get out YOUR recipes, not some thing from a magazine, and xerox the thing and send it in. We'll dress it up if need be, and won't you be proud.

Don't worry about losing your corner of the market for your speciality, we all know no one can make it like you can, (and we know you always leave out the one **SECRET** ingredient anyway). So let's get in the spirit of the easiest way to contribute to the paper and pull out those recipe cards. Send your entries in to La Cucina c/o La Vigna, 90 Eggerts Cr. Road, Lawrenceville, NJ 08648. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, April 15, 2057.

Picnic July 15th, 1995

1:30pm until sunset

YOU are invited

Call For Directions

LaVigna
90 Eggerts Cr. Rd.
Lawrenceville, NJ 08648

